Vitality

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/16169072.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Jack Crawford
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe - Vampire, Pre-Season/Series 03, Vampire Hannibal Lecter, Blood, Murder, Cannibalism, Blood Kink, Drug Use, Biting, Blood Drinking, Sexual Tension, Making Out, Canon-Typical Violence, Masturbation, Face-Fucking, Bondage, BDSM, Anal Sex, Blow Jobs, sub!Will, dom!hannibal, Breathplay, Begging, Master/Slave, Allusions to snuff, Hair-pulling, Hand Jobs, Praise Kink, Eye Contact
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-10-02 Updated: 2019-02-05 Words: 10,276 Chapters: 3/?

Vitality

by Electakyu

Summary

"You have to understand the consequences. When you're marked by a vampire, it can affect your whole life. Your health. Our relationship. Even your appetite can change."
"I don't care."

Hannibal fed from Will's veins once. Now Will can't curb the craving for more, in spite of Hannibal's insistence that the risk of another feed is too great. But with the FBI catching wind of a killer on the loose, the supply in his freezer is going to run out.

Murder is a game. Feeding is survival.

Notes

A Hannibal Vampire AU
I hope you enjoy! Feedback very welcome

Persistence

Will woke up in a haze. His arm still throbbed dully and he grabbed it to lessen the pain. He climbed out of bed and threw on a robe, then made his way through the house, grabbed the phone from the hook and rolled it around in his hand for a moment. Taking a seat at the dining table, he relented at the growl of his stomach. He punched in a familiar number.

“Hello, Will.”

The voice was questioning, curious.

“Good morning, Hannibal,” said Will softly into the receiver. “Would you mind coming over for breakfast?”

“I don’t mind at all. I said to call me if you needed anything this week. I’ll bring something delicious.”

Without further ado, there was a click and the line went dead. Will decided to attend to the dogs, who were starting to wake at the sound of their friend’s voice.

It was less than thirty minutes later when Hannibal showed up at the door holding a bag. He smiled warmly as Will let him in, and set the bag down on the table.

“How are you feeling, Will?”

He started pulling lunch boxes out of the bag.

“Better. Still a little weak, but better. Thanks.”

“It’s to be expected. I’m surprised that only a week after your first time you’re up and walking around.”

“I’ll be alright after I’ve eaten, I think.”

“Good job I brought plenty.”

Hannibal flipped the lids off and a pleasant smell wafted out. Eggs?

Hannibal answered Will’s unspoken question. “Blood sausage omelette with ham and a leafy salad. If this doesn’t perk you up, I don’t know what will.”

“It looks beautiful.”

They sat across from one another and ate the food with a little small talk. It really was delicious, and filling. Will felt his strength returning.

“Do you want to feed again?” asked Will when Hannibal complimented his freshly restored complexion.

“No,” replied Hannibal without hesitation. “You need to rest and get your strength back before I feed from you again.”

“I feel ready.”

“I, however, do not.”

Hannibal put his fork down onto his empty plate. The light clatter rattled through Will’s bones. He shivered.

“Do you have enough pre-packed to see you through?”

“Of course. I thoroughly prepared for a dry spell. I wouldn’t consider this such, but I have a fridge full of to-go cups for when it’s necessary.”

Will chewed over the words along with his last piece of blood sausage.

“Is there a difference,” he said carefully, “between feeding on a live source and a to-go cup?”

Hannibal chuckled gently, eyes glistening. After fishing around in the bag for a moment he pulled out a takeaway cup, brought it to his lips and drank a hearty throatful.

“A live source, as you put it, is hot blood. It pulses and pumps down the throat, bringing an energy that an inanimate store cannot. It piques the hunting instincts that my kind have honed over millenia. The to-go cup keeps one alive, the live source makes one *feel* alive.”

Will pondered that and decided he rather liked the poetry of it.

“I suppose if you keep feeding live, from a willing source like me … the meat stores will run low too.”

“There is that to factor in. But don’t concern yourself with it. I have plenty of meat in storage. We’ll dine like infernal kings for a long time yet. Besides, with you beside me I enjoy the kill more than ever.” He took another gulp from the cup. “I can’t imagine stopping any time soon.”

They shared a silent smile. Will’s arm throbbed.

“In fact,” said Hannibal, rising from his seat, “I have something in that vein planned for tonight. If you feel up to it I’d appreciate the company.”

The target was a man whose name Will didn’t know, but whose face he recognised with a twist of hatred in his stomach. Suddenly he was back on campus, sun high in the sky, with that man standing before him.

Face contorted, he was spitting obscenities at Will, calling him all manner of things. It was along the lines of Will being unfit to teach, corrupting young minds with his criminal

thoughts, imagination of a killer. Will looked around for a way to escape the assault.

And suddenly it was night again, and Hannibal's steady breaths in Will's ear were the only sensation. There was no breeze and his arm didn't even throb now. There was a vague rotting stench that always permeated around alleyways but it wasn't registering in Will's brain now they'd been here a while.

"That man verbally abused me at the university a few days ago," he whispered to Hannibal, as low as he could manage. He didn't take his eyes off their victim, even as the man pulled his penis out to relieve his bladder.

"I know. That's why I picked him."

There wasn't time to react before Hannibal sprang from his position. Not even a second passed and he had the man by the throat, pinned against the alley wall. It was Will's role to keep watch at the alley mouth and to block the victim's escape.

With his back to the scene, Will could only make out the hushed sounds of Hannibal's slaughter. His muffled, fearful protests through Hannibal's hand. The elegant hiss of knife blade on taut neck. A slurp as Hannibal placed his mouth over the wound, for a live feed and to keep the scene tidy.

Will dared a quick peek over his shoulder. He shuddered; Hannibal feeding was quite a sight. He was more undone than Will had ever seen him, and yet still so controlled. Not like when he'd fed from Will's arm when he'd taken just a mouthful, a life-restoring mouthful. Now he was drinking with gusto, a low growl rumbling from his chest.

The man's head was lolloping as his soul drained away. Will looked back to the road.

Hannibal's voice rang out shortly after. "Are you disgusted, Will?"

"No," said Will evenly. "Merely intrigued."

"Next you'll be wanting to turn." The comment was light, joking.

Will shook his head, a smile flickering on the corners of his mouth.

Air conditioning blasted the kitchen with freezing air. As he brought the knife down on the arm, severing the hand, Will thought wistfully that he could feel winter's arrival on the horizon.

Hannibal wasn't one for idle chatter, and worked on his portion of the body in comfortable silence. It was a surprise to Will when it was Hannibal who struck up conversation.

"No design this time."

"I did notice. Was there a reason you didn't want to leave your calling card?"

Chop. Chop.

“I’m certain you have guessed already.”

Will huffed with the force of his cuts. “Two people working together are easier to find than one working alone. You want to lay low.”

“If I wanted to lay low I’d go out of town for feeds. But yes, we need to be more careful than we were in the past.”

Chop. Chop. The hiss of a deliberate, careful slice. The thud of the divided flesh being placed with no ceremony into containers for the freezer.

“You said that I would want to be turned soon.”

“I did. In jest, mostly.”

“How do you turn someone?”

Hannibal met Will’s curious gaze with his own, cold.

“That’s not for you to know.”

“I’m just curious. Surely you of all people can understand that.”

“Turning is a painful procedure and a painful memory. I’d prefer not to discuss it.”

“You won’t even satiate my curiosity a little? How long ago did you turn?”

Hannibal threw his knife down, point first into the table.

“I don’t particularly want to kill you, my friend. But continuing to pester after I’ve drawn a clear line under the topic is terribly rude.”

“I … I’m sorry. I hope you’ll forgive the intrusion.”

“I forgive you.”

As he strode past, he placed a hand on Will’s shoulder and gave a little squeeze.

No hard feelings.

“I was worried that our excursion the other night would have left you weakened. It seems I was right to be concerned.”

Hannibal delicately tipped his cup to down the dregs of the bloody beverage. The sun was beginning to rise, Will noted, though the night’s chill was still hanging over the house.

“Do I need to be concerned about you?”

When Hannibal met his question with a frown, Will continued. “You didn’t cook.”

“I was too tired, forgive me.”

Hannibal ran a hand over his face and pinched the bridge of his nose.

“What’s the matter?”

“No matter, just ... pre-packaged blood doesn’t impart the same vitality as fresh. It’s been a few days so I’m feeling a little run down.”

“So take a live feed.”

“It may not always seem so, but I don’t want to get caught, Will. What was once a dance for my dinner is now a means of survival. The meat, that’s pleasure, artistry, cuisine. The blood, that’s food, bread and butter, without which I would fade from existence. I can live without cuisine, bland though that life would be. I can’t live without my bread and butter.”

“That doesn’t explain why you won’t take a live feed.”

Hannibal produced another cup from the depths of his bag.

“Feeding from a living person evokes emotions and sensations that are difficult to control.”

“Then feed from me. I can stop you if you go too far.”

“You still need time to recover from the first. Let the wound heal, then I’ll feed. And Will?”

Will looked up from his own empty cup which he was absently rolling on the table.

“Yes?”

“I fear even you couldn’t stop me.” A cold smile. “A vampire mid-hunt is a most formidable foe.”

It wasn’t quite a week later when Will noticed Hannibal had had a live feed. He was joking with a medical intern outside the office, eyebags gone from his cheeks, bright smile playing on his lips.

Will tapped him on the arm to signal to follow, and took him to a quiet corner away from the police.

“You’re looking better.” It came out more chilled than Will had meant it.

“Thank you, I’m feeling much more myself.”

“You fed.”

It wasn’t a question.

“You want to know why I fed on my own and not from you.”

Neither was that. Will gave a nod.

“I’m going to admit something to you, Will, that I never intended to divulge.”

“I’m sure by now you can trust me to keep your secrets.”

“When a vampire hunts,” Hannibal said, dismissing Will’s comment in leaving it unacknowledged, “it awakes certain primal emotions, as I’ve told you before. If a vampire does not exercise proper control, it can turn from an emotion to a storm. A fire storm, whipped by great winds that mere humans cannot dream to contain.

“It can turn to rage, whereupon I would tear your flesh from your bones with my bare hands and think nothing of it. The other facet being that it can turn to lust, and I’m sure you can comprehend the ramifications of that without my expanding on it.”

Will coughed a laugh. “You’re scared of raping me?”

“Then you do understand why I must be careful.”

“And if I give informed consent? Does that change anything?”

“I can manage for now. It doesn’t take much to find a quick bite around here.”

“A quick bite?”

Will and Hannibal both turned sharply. It was Jack Crawford’s voice.

Jack chuckled, and they both relaxed.

“Can a recommend you a lovely restaurant I took Bella to a few weeks ago?”

Chattering as they walked, Jack led them to his office, where he offered them both a seat.

“How can we help you, Jack?” asked Hannibal.

“Right. I have a case I need your help figuring out. Four suspected murders or kidnappings, unconnected except for the fact that each person went missing in the same city, and always at night. Potential serial killer or kidnapper. There have also been reports in the same area of people saying they were attacked by vampires.”

Will’s blood turned to ice, but he tried to keep his face composed. He glanced at Hannibal, who hadn’t even twitched.

Jack continued. “They come to in the morning with neck wounds, covered in blood. Spouting about vampires. We’re thinking they could all be linked. Either some person, or perhaps a

drug epidemic, some kind of hallucinogen. We need you to profile a potential suspect. Who should we be on the lookout for? Different people, a Satanist cult, a psychopathic goth with a blood fetish, a new street drug?"

"Of course we'll need time to discuss and corroborate each other's thoughts," said Hannibal, calmly.

"We can give you a couple of days, max. We don't know when they'll strike again, if they're a person. No pattern."

Jack handed a file across to Will, who nodded and scanned the document.

"We'll come up with something. I may have an idea already," said Hannibal.

Hannibal was pacing, which was beginning to irritate Will.

"Stop pacing, please," said Will, exasperated, "You're only doing it for show."

Hannibal chuckled, but he did stop pacing at least.

"So what's the plan?"

"Well," began Hannibal,"Simply put we lay low. Send the FBI on a wild goose chase and eventually frame someone else. That part, I'm still working on."

"What about the meat?"

"Plenty of stock in the freezer. I'm surprised you don't know as well as I exactly what's in there. Enough to see out the year if we're sparing. The blood … "

"You don't have enough pre-packed to stop you from dying of thirst before we carry out the extent of the wild goose chase."

"Unfortunately you're right. I can go out of town to replenish my stocks."

"Can you go anonymously? If anything points Jack towards us, he'll check flight records. Bus tickets. Your browser history."

The slight crease at Hannibal's brow gave away his inward cringe.

"I have aliases. It's high time you got one too."

"I wouldn't need one if you would just feed from me."

"It's not the perfect solution you make it out to be, Will."

Will rose from the couch and walked over to Hannibal. He could feel the heat radiating off him, which set off the throb in his arm. The hairs on the back of his neck stood up.

“I know the risks.”

Hannibal turned away to rest his hands on the mantelpiece.

“Not all of them. Being a vampire’s personal blood bag becomes addictive. If you’ve heard yourself recently, you’ll know what I mean.”

“Then it’ll satiate both of us. I can handle it.”

“Can you?”

Hannibal’s shadowed face caught the soft light from the fireplace, its shimmer dancing across his eyes.

“Please.”

“There are also reasons you have to wait weeks between blood donations, to recharge.”

“I’m recharged enough. I can’t bear you being drained as I saw you.”

“Next week then. I can subsist until then without too many problems.”

Will’s breath came out in a sigh, his shoulders relaxing the tension that had built.

“Thank you.”

Nerves rippled in Will’s stomach all day, the day Hannibal would feed from him again. He sat about, fantasising about the last time in a reverie. He forgot about work, he almost forgot to eat, and he was too excited to sleep.

It was like being high, the venom. On an evolutionary level the venom was supposed to placate the victim to prevent him from escaping but in reality it elevated him and filled him with euphoria. In more recent history, Will postulated, the venom had dulled to help create the addiction and the bond that would tie the donor to the vampire.

And he hadn’t been able to move afterwards for hours. He’d felt drained, but not unpleasantly. Lightheaded in a way that was to be expected when one lost a fair amount of blood. And he’d slept so well afterwards.

When Hannibal arrived, Will started to prepare his unmarked arm but Hannibal stopped him.

“I must insist on drawing from a different place. Somewhere less visible. Attracting suspicion is the last thing we want.”

They settled on the inner thigh. Although likely to be more painful it would give a good, warm flow, and a potentially nicer sensation for Will. And they both agreed it would be beneficial to err on the side of lust rather than rage.

With sweeping motions Hannibal cleansed the area with a disinfectant wipe and made sure Will was settled comfortably against his pillows.

“As comfortable as I can be with the world’s most fearsome predator nestled between my legs.”

Hannibal shot him a look, one eyebrow raised, then turned his attention back to the leg. With a gentle finger he found the point he wanted to pierce. He opened his mouth, fangs wet with venom folding from the roof of his mouth. Then he bit.

After the initial stab of pain, Will decided it wasn’t a bad sensation. The blood being drawn felt vaguely suck-like, but wasn’t exceptionally noticeable. Hannibal’s hands were gentle, one on the top of his thigh holding it steady, the other holding the other thigh away from his face.

Will’s head started to lighten and he gave a soft laugh, letting his eyelids flutter shut for a moment. Hannibal’s grip became more firm as he switched to licking the wound, to help it begin to close and to clear the venom. Licking turned to slowly kissing which set off a throbbing in Will’s groin. Made more intense by the rumbling moans that were pouring softly out of Hannibal.

He kissed further up the leg. Over the bone of the hip. The soft, ticklish part of Will’s stomach. Will, lost in a venom-induced fantasy, weaved his fingers into Hannibal’s hair. When he reached Will’s collarbone he started to nip slightly with his teeth. Then up to his neck, where he paused, kissing and biting and kissing until he forced himself to tear away.

Will’s breath was coming hard and fast, as was Hannibal’s. They watched each other, just breathing, open mouthed, blood dripping from Hannibal’s chin like an illustration of what a vampire ought to look like.

“I told you … it can turn to lust,” Hannibal panted. He took a moment to catch his breath and Will strained himself into a sitting position.

“I knew what I was getting myself in for.”

The droplet of blood on Hannibal’s lip was too tempting to resist. Will swiped it off with his thumb. The metallic tang as he pressed it onto his own tongue made his mouth water.

Hannibal pushed himself off the bed and wiped his face with a handkerchief.

“Thank you for your generous donation. I think it’s best if I leave.”

Will couldn’t get up, weakened and dizzy from the feeding. He watched Hannibal leave as his heart thumped loudly in his very human chest.

Marinade

Chapter Summary

Jack is expecting a profile for the potential killer. Hannibal and Will have a plan.
But with their relationship shifting, will the intensity of the feeds be too much for Will?

Feeding is survival. But being a vampire's exclusive donor is a way of life.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jack waited expectantly, arms folded across his chest.

“Do you have any idea who we should be looking for?”

Will shifted in his seat, uncomfortable with Jack’s harsh tone. It was like being told off in class for not finishing the homework. But they had taken a few days longer than they’d said, and the FBI were running out of time.

“We agree that you’re most likely looking for one person,” began Hannibal, calmly.

Will picked up his thread. “He’s obsessed with the idea of vampirism, he thinks if he acts like one maybe he’ll attract one, or become one. He’s enamoured with the romanticism of immortality.”

“That,” Hannibal continued with a glimmer in his eye, “or we have a real vampire on our hands.”

Will glanced at him and had to hold back a shiver. He was half-smiling, face turned so he was speaking more to Will than to Jack.

“I don’t think now’s the time for humour, Doctor Lecter,” said Jack.

Hannibal asked Will to dinner that night, and Will accepted with pleasure.

“Steak au poivre served with creamy dauphinoise potato and a melange of fall vegetables,” said Hannibal as he served Will his plate.

“It looks beautiful.”

“Thank you.”

The steak, from the man who had abused Will on campus, had just the right amount of heat from the peppercorns, particularly when offset with the silky potato. The vegetables added a brushstroke of colour to the plate and a bright, fresh flavour. Truly a work of art, and Will told Hannibal as much.

“Would you be willing to provide dessert?” replied Hannibal.

Will frowned. “Isn’t it too soon after the last feed?”

“It gets easier from the second time,” said Hannibal, as he rose to start clearing the table. “The venom works differently when it’s interacting with itself, and as you now have a higher concentration in your body you will begin to feel more rapidly revitalised.”

“In that case I can hardly refuse, can I?” Will replied with a smile.

Hannibal led him to the chaise longue in the study, where he settled after taking off his jeans. There was only a bump left from the previous feed. Will rubbed it to try to settle the anxiety that sprang up in his stomach, now that Hannibal was taking off his jacket and tie.

“Try to steady your heartbeat, Will. You sound like a hummingbird. Take some slow, deep breaths. That’s it.”

Hannibal stroked Will’s leg as he spoke, eyes firmly trained on the site of the previous incision. He found the spot he was looking for with his thumb and shuffled a little closer.

Will, taking his steadying breaths, hooked his knees over Hannibal’s shoulders to give him more space at the feed site.

Then he forgot to breathe again, because Hannibal was biting him.

It hurt a touch more than last time, as the fangs had to pierce through a small amount of scar tissue, but once Hannibal was feeding Will gave himself over to the heady feeling it brought. He let his head drop back onto the chaise longue’s back rest, his hand falling into Hannibal’s hair. He could feel the muscles working as Hannibal licked the wound shut. A hungry growl tumbled from his chest.

Hannibal began kissing up Will’s body as he had before, and Will slipped his other hand around his neck to encourage him. The venom’s euphoric effects were making him bolder than he would have been otherwise; as Hannibal came up to his neck he wrapped his legs around Hannibal’s thighs and pulled him as close as he could.

Both of them were breathing more rapidly now. The sensation of Hannibal’s teeth on his neck made Will’s cheeks burn and his groin throb. It was almost becoming too much, then Hannibal stopped biting him and it suddenly wasn’t enough.

Breathlessly they looked at each other. Will’s wide eyes reflected in Hannibal’s narrowed ones. Their bodies were entwined, Hannibal hanging over Will as Will clutched him to his body.

“Do you want me, Will?” whispered Hannibal, a droplet of blood falling from his mouth onto Will’s chin.

“Yes,” Will replied shakily.

Hannibal brought his lips to Will’s ear.

“Say yes Master.”

Will gasped and briefly squeezed his eyes shut against the sharp of Hannibal’s teeth on his earlobe.

“Yes, Master,” he managed after a moment.

With that, Hannibal sat up and adjusted his legs so he was straddling Will. He quickly pulled off his shirt, then took Will’s hands with his own. He pushed until he had Will’s wrists pinned above his head and lowered himself carefully until their foreheads were almost touching.

Will’s heart was beginning to hummingbird-hammer again. He couldn’t tear his eyes off Hannibal’s mouth which was quirked into a half smile, a thin coat of blood making a line between his lips. Darker on his chin where it was starting to dry.

Then Hannibal leaned down to kiss him and suddenly he could taste it. Kept warm and liquid in his mouth, the metallic sweetness made Will salivate. He deepened the kiss, allowing Hannibal to push more into his mouth with his tongue. Hannibal sighed.

Their lips parted with a wet pop.

“You like the blood,” said Hannibal, voice dark with lust-

-at the same as Will groaned, “I’m too dizzy to keep doing this right now.”

A heavy pause filled only with the sound of their deep, quick breaths. Then Hannibal dropped his head to Will’s shoulder and coughed out a laugh.

“Alright.”

They untangled themselves and Will flopped back on the chaise longue, trying to get the blood to go back to his head. Hannibal stood and wiped his mouth on the back of his arm.

“You should rest. I did take rather a lot of blood. Yours is hard to resist, I admit.”

Will shut his eyes again, taking a slow breath in through his nose. The room was starting to spin.

“Don’t worry, Hannibal. I know the risks.”

“Still, I am sorry. Rest.”

“Yes, Master,” murmured Will. He chuckled to himself then rolled over onto his side. Hannibal brought a blanket and covered him. By the time he’d done so, Will was sound asleep.

Hannibal picked up his clothes from the floor, folded them, and took them to his bedroom. He finished getting undressed and lay down on the bed. For a moment he considered distracting himself with a book.

Instead he settled into a more horizontal position and closed his eyes. An image of Will flickered into his mind’s eye.

Will tied up, naked on his bed, neck punctured with fang marks, dripping with blood.

He opened his eyes and reached over into the drawer of the bedside table. After fishing around for a few seconds, his fingers closed over a small bottle. He withdrew it, squeezed some of its content onto his hand, and pulled his erection out of his underwear.

The cold of the lube as it touched the hot skin made his breath come out in a sharp hiss. With his thumb, he rubbed it over the sensitive tip, then gently started to move his whole hand down the shaft. Up again. Down again. Tighter pressure. Up again.

He shut his eyes again.

Will tied up, naked on his bed, gazing up at him with a pleading expression. Lips parting for him to say:

“Please kill me, Hannibal.”

He picked up speed, throwing in a twist at the head. Moaning as quietly as he could manage, he bent his knees for a more comfortable position.

“Kill me, Master. Rip my throat out with your teeth right as I come.”

Will tied up, naked on his bed, grinning wantonly, neck bleeding. Hannibal bending over to suck the life from his veins. His breath becoming shaky as his blood pulses into Hannibal’s mouth.

“Master, I’m yours. All yours. Kill me.”

Will straining against his restraints as he grows fainter, his survival instincts kicking in. His mouth ignoring his body.

“Yes, Master. Feel my essence pouring down your throat. Feel me fading away. Touch me as I die.”

Hannibal’s feeding growing more voracious, greedy. Will’s skin ripping wide under his mouth. Will shouting his name.

Hannibal came hard. His back arched and toes stretched without him telling them to. The infinity of the night sky spread behind his eyelids. Blood trickled from his lip where he’d

bitten it.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed its soft midnight as Will appeared in the doorway. A spare robe from the spare room was draped over him.

“Sorry to interrupt your late night reading,” he began, “I just woke up.”

Hannibal closed his book and rose from his chair.

“Not at all. Shall we have dessert proper?”

He gestured towards the door.

“At midnight?” said Will, unable to stop a teasing smile from spreading.

“No sense in wasting good cheesecake,” Hannibal countered lightly.

The cheesecake, which they took in the kitchen, was rose and white chocolate. Sweet and sophisticated.

“I’m sorry about earlier,” Will said when the small talk dwindled. “I didn’t want to leave you frustrated but-”

“Never apologise for saying no. It’s one of the few agencies we have left in this world. I can take care of myself when I have to.”

“You masturbated while I was asleep?”

Hannibal didn’t answer, but merely cocked an eyebrow and tilted his head slightly.

A few moments of eating in silence, then Hannibal said, “If you want to have sex, we can do it separately from my feeding. I don’t want you to pass out. Unless you’re into that.”

His eyes twinkled and Will couldn’t tell if he was teasing or not.

“Passing out from blood loss doesn’t particularly turn me on. A hand at the throat, however …”

“A minuscule moment of oxygen deprivation can heighten the intensity of an orgasm.”

“Oxygen deprivation, sensory deprivation, movement restriction …”

Will stopped himself as he realised he was reeling off a list of his kinks.

“Sounds to me,” said Hannibal, holding his spoon up to his mouth, “like you have some experience with bondage.”

He licked the spoon in a deliberate motion. Will bit his lip and glanced down at his cheesecake.

“I may look … vanilla,” he replied, choosing his words carefully, “but, I’m a killer, a cannibal. And I’m the personal blood bag of a highly dangerous vampire. You’re surprised that I come with fetishes already intact?”

“Not surprised,” said Hannibal. Pleased, said Hannibal’s eyes.

“Now we know each other a little better, will you tell me how you got turned?”

Hannibal didn’t look pleased any longer.

“I told you I won’t answer your questions about my past, Will. Knowing you like being choked while you have sex doesn’t change that.”

“Forgive me.” Will moved to place his empty plate in the sink. “I can’t help being curious.”

“I know. I don’t want you to become obsessed with the idea. Are you, as you told Jack, enamoured with the romanticism of immortality?”

“I won’t pretend it doesn’t intrigue me. But immortality isn’t a decision I would make lightly.”

“Rightly so. Now, back to bed. Your body isn’t done healing.”

He cupped Will’s cheek, face clouded with emotion. Then he turned away.

Will woke up in a haze, with the distinct feeling that it was afternoon. His arm was throbbing.

He found Hannibal in the kitchen, cooking breakfast.

“Why didn’t you wake me?”

“You needed sleep. Besides, it’s Sunday. No rush.”

The pan was sizzling, the scent of sausage swirling about the room. Hannibal cracked an egg into the pan, then another. Will spotted a fresh baguette on the counter. His stomach rumbled.

He rubbed the mark on his arm through the cotton of the robe.

“ *Just take it.”*

“You have to understand the consequences. When you’re marked by a vampire, it can affect your whole life. Your health. Our relationship. Even your appetite can change.”

“I don’t care.”

“You’ll be linked to me forever. No shaking me off. Do you really want that?”

“I don’t care, Hannibal, you’re dying! Just take my blood.”

“I can’t do it without informed consent, Will.”

“Did you get the informed consent of everyone you fed off? People left bleeding and confused in the street?”

“Of course not. I didn’t care about them, much as I don’t care for the people we eat together. I care about you.”

“That’s all I need to know. Take that for informed consent. Quickly.”

Hannibal sinks his teeth into Will’s forearm, drinking greedily from the wound, his jaw working as he sucks the warm blood. His friend’s vitality flowing into him, restoring him.

The mark throbbed, and Will realised with a sudden sharp clarity that it was never going to heal. A permanent reminder of his link with Hannibal Lecter.

Wordlessly, he approached Hannibal, and put his hands on his hips. Hannibal hummed at the touch. He turned and stabbed something on a plate on the counter with a fork, then passed it over his shoulder to feed it to Will.

Will bit down. Blood sausage, cooked to perfection. It was Will’s turn to hum in pleasure.

Hannibal fed him a couple more bites then turned back to his pan. Almost hugging him now, Will breathed in the scent of his shoulder. Then he tipped his chin up and kissed Hannibal’s neck. The small slurp as Hannibal touched his tongue to his top lip was barely audible, but it was a sound that reminded Will of wetness: wet hot blood.

He continued kissing Hannibal, sucking lightly to bring up a bruise on the tender skin, until Hannibal patted him away so he could serve the food.

The dining table felt odd to Will after being in the warm kitchen. But sitting beside Hannibal, sharing breakfast, that was exquisite.

“I’m taking you to the opera tonight,” said Hannibal after a long silence.

Will laughed at the absurdity of the statement. But he quieted when he saw the serious look on Hannibal’s face.

“If you want, before we go I will make you completely mine.”

He said it with such a nonchalance that it took Will a moment to process what he meant.

“You’re going to turn me?”

Hannibal placed his cutlery on his plate in an elegant motion, folded his hands on his lap and looked Will full in the face.

“You’re beginning to sound as obsessed as your fictional killer. No, Will. I’m going to fuck you.”

The bluntness of it left Will lost for words.

Hannibal continued. “I’m going to break you down into pieces, and then build you back up again. I’m going to ruin you, and then perfect you. I’m going to take you apart to your very foundations, and then I’m going to dress you up for the opera, where we’ll pretend to be civil people. Who don’t kill, who don’t feast on the flesh of their dead. Who don’t fuck each other in the worst ways imaginable. One who doesn’t get high off the other’s blood, and one who doesn’t get high off the other’s venom. A masquerade.

“Would you like that, Will?”

Will swallowed and suppressed a shiver.

“I would like that, very much.”

He opened his mouth to continue, but decided against it. Then changed his mind and asked anyway.

“When you said the toxins in your venom would … change my appetite. You didn’t mean my appetite for food.”

“An astute observation. Only half correct.”

They cleared the table together. Then Hannibal told Will in soft tones to go and wait in the bedroom.

He did so, stomach twisting in anticipation, adrenaline starting to fire. It was only minutes before the door clicked behind Hannibal, who was carrying a hospital-style blood bag.

“In case I get carried away,” he explained. He placed it on the bedside table.

They agreed to use a safeword. Will chose the word “marinade”, which drew a hearty chuckle from Hannibal, like they’d shared an inside joke.

Which, Will supposed, they had.

“Or three sharp taps on the body if you’re not in a position to speak,” said Hannibal as he pushed Will’s robe from his shoulders.

Will stepped out of his underwear, feeling peculiarly vulnerable in his nakedness. Hannibal cupped his cheek as he had the night before, his eyes warmer this time, and Will’s anxiety abated.

“Kneel on the floor,” came Hannibal’s next instruction.

Will did so, grateful for the plush carpet. From the inside pocket of his jacket, Hannibal produced a length of red silk rope, and tied it slowly and methodically around Will's hands. He couldn't move his arms apart, the realisation of which jabbed him with a mix of excitement and apprehension.

Hannibal was truly in control now. He made Will watch as he stripped out of his clothes. Then he grabbed him by the hair and pulled, forcing Will to tilt his head up. Looking him in the eyes, a smile threatening to ruin his commanding figure, he told Will to suck.

His erection was the perfect height to slip easily into Will's mouth. The acute pain of having his hair pulled, paired with the near-suffocating feeling of having his mouth full of dick made a moan ripple from his chest to his throat.

It was Hannibal who controlled the speed. Using Will's hair to guide him, he altered the rhythm as the mood took him. Will felt a string of saliva fall from his mouth as the head hit the back of his throat. He almost gagged, but kept going. Delicious was the sensation of the hot, hard organ pressing his tongue to the bottom of his mouth, making his lips ache with effort.

Without warning, Hannibal stopped pulling his hair and held his head still. Then he rocked his hips, slowly at first, picking up the pace as Will got used to it, until he was truly fucking his mouth.

After bearing it a few long minutes, Will raised his bound wrists and tapped the back of his hand three times against Hannibal's leg. Hannibal withdrew and Will gasped for air.

"You did very well," Hannibal panted, allowing them both a minute to catch their breath.

He helped Will get onto the bed then, and had him kneel, hips up and face pressed down in a pillow, elbows planted to steady him. From the bedside table he retrieved the lube, using it to make himself slick. He rubbed a little around Will's hole, and Will hissed at the cold of it.

"Are you ready?" asked Hannibal.

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Master."

Hannibal knelt behind him, anchoring himself with a hand on Will's hip. His other hand he used to guide the head of his cock to the hole, pressing forward slowly to give the muscle chance to stretch for him.

Will groaned into the pillow. It was pleasure and pain, and as Hannibal started to rock it was fullness and near-emptiness and fullness again.

As he picked up speed, Hannibal curved himself over Will and bit into his shoulder, breaking skin. Not with his fangs, but his normal teeth. His nails dug in at Will's hips too. The

sharpness of the pain only intensified the pleasure Will was feeling, and he had to turn his head out of the pillow to take gasping, moaning breaths.

Ten minutes in, Hannibal pulled himself off Will, cock leaving hole with a distinct plop.

“Marinade. I need blood. I need blood.”

Will watched as he ripped into the blood bag and hungrily gulped the contents.

Half wanting to tease him, and half sincere, acutely aware of his own erection aching untouched between his legs, Will started to plead with him to come back and finish what he started.

“Hannibal, I need to feel you inside me again. Master, please. Turn me, bite me, rip me to shreds. I don’t care. Rip my throat out with your teeth as you make me come.”

He was almost shocked by the words coming out of his mouth, the shake in his voice, the heat in it, but he was too lost in the lust to care.

“Master, please. Hurt me. I want you to hurt me. I want you ...”

Hannibal threw the blood pack down, eyes wild and hair tousled. Then he threw himself at Will, flipping him over. He slipped back inside him, pushing his arms above his head by the rope knot, and started thrusting.

“Thank you,” Will grunted.

Hannibal silenced him with a kiss. Blood he’d kept back in his mouth surged into Will’s and he swallowed it feverishly, the line between himself and Hannibal beginning to blur. He nipped and pulled at Hannibal’s lips, and Hannibal growled in response.

The growl turned into a groan as Hannibal’s thrusting became less rhythmic and more juddering. The groan turned into-

“Will.”

Blood fell from both their mouths as Hannibal called his name.

They were motionless for a moment as Hannibal came down from his orgasm. Then he eased his cock out of Will and staggered to his feet. He retrieved the blood bag from the floor and filled his mouth with the remainder if its contents.

Will watched, unable to speak, as Hannibal climbed back onto the bed, setting himself between Will’s legs. He took the head of Will's erection into his mouth and let blood flow down the shaft.

A long, swirling lick on the sensitive underside drew a shudder from Will, who wished he could weave his fingers into Hannibal’s hair again. He settled for rolling his hips into the rhythm Hannibal set.

Between long, slow licks up the length of the shaft, hard, quick sucks at the head, and the oozing sensation of the blood pooling at his pelvis, Will was in ecstasy. Hannibal felt him getting close, and backed off, then began again with gusto.

Will came harder than he ever had in his life. The ceiling wavered as his sight faded for a moment. Hannibal sucked and sucked and swallowed until there was nothing left in Will. Barely even a drop of blood remained on his skin after Hannibal and his tongue were done.

For a warm, glowing minute they observed each other.

Hannibal dishevelled, drying blood dark on his chin, bare chest heaving.

Will with his hands tied together over his head, flecks of blood spattered about him, legs spread and eyes heavy from orgasm, flushed and sweating.

This is what Heaven must be , thought Will as he gazed up at Hannibal.

“I’ll turn you,” said Hannibal all of a sudden, running a hand through his already messed up hair. “I’ll own you forever, if you want that.”

Will squirmed to a slightly more comfortable position and lowered his arms. The muscles cried out.

“Do you belong to the one who turned you?” he asked, voice coming deep and languorous.

Hannibal grinned widely, the corners of his eyes crinkling. He stood up, towering over Will who was tied up, naked on his bed just as he’d wanted.

“No,” he replied, voice light with joy, “I killed the one who turned me. Then I ate her.”

Will couldn’t stop a smile from unfurling on his lips.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you enjoyed.
I LOVE receiving comments of all kinds, so if you have time feel free to strike up a conversation, leave a quick note, or even critique :)
You can also reach me on Tumblr - electakyu

Bloodlet

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal has stated his intent to turn Will into a vampire, and Will is eager to take him up on it. Life - or rather, the afterlife - is about to look very different.

Chapter Notes

> I was going to write the next part as a series, but by the time I finished writing the chapter I decided it was just that: another chapter. So, surprise! Hope you enjoy. :) This carries on straight after the previous chapter, so if you haven't read it yet, it'll make more sense if you do.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You’re going to die.”

I’ll own you forever, if you want that.

A fair trade-off, it seemed to Will.

Naked, goosebumps rising on his flesh as his sweat cooled, Will nodded grimly, jaw set. Post-orgasmic haze settling like a heavy fog in his brain, over his body, between himself and Hannibal.

“You’re going to die,” said Hannibal.

He turned away from Will to pull on a quilted robe, his back giving away nothing in terms of emotion.

Will let the lazy smile drop from his face. The bed dipped with Hannibal’s weight, jostling Will as Hannibal shuffled over to straddle him.

“My death was always going to come at your hands; it’s been fated since we met.”

“And perhaps even before that.”

“Was your death fated?”

Hannibal merely smiled at that. Then he busied himself with releasing Will's arms from their restraints.

Cold, soft fingers against his wrists sharpened Will against the heady fog that surrounded him. He watched keenly as Hannibal's eyes traced the space where the ties had been on his arms. A warm tug in his chest as their eyes met, and Hannibal's face crinkled at the edges.

"What's the procedure?"

Hannibal moved Will's arms over his head. "First, I need to restrain you."

Will offered no resistance. Deft and deliberate, Hannibal re-tied the silk rope that had bound Will's hands to each other, this time securing them to the bed frame.

"And now I can't abscond if I change my mind halfway through."

"You'd die if you did. And I mean dead dead."

Hannibal pressed a finger to Will's neck, and Will could feel his own pulse acutely. Fast. Like prey.

"What next?"

He shivered.

"Next," said Hannibal, voice smooth, "I'm going to sever a vein in your neck. If I can restrain myself long enough from feeding, I'll gather enough venom in my mouth to flood your body through the incision."

"And when I wake up, I'll be a vampire."

"Yes. You'll pass out a few seconds after you start bleeding, you'll die after a few minutes."

"Is this how she turned you?"

Hannibal turned his face away from Will, not quickly enough to hide a sad smile.

"No."

"Is it painful?"

"Excruciating. But it'll pass."

"Quickly enough to go to the opera?"

"We might have to arrive fashionably late."

He rubbed the spot on Will's neck where the last of his life - this life, anyway - was throbbing. Then, with a gentleness that felt to Will almost like reverence, he slid his hand to cup Will's cheek.

Will gladly leaned into his touch.

“Are you ready, Will?”

A shaky breath. “Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Master.”

With that final submission, Will shut his eyes.

The sudden absence of Hannibal’s touch brought him to another shiver. Then, a sharp pain in his neck. He gritted his teeth against the pulsing of blood draining from the wound. A low growling was coming from above him, where Hannibal knelt, stooping over his body.

As Will began to feel lightheaded, he blew out his breath in a long, slow, sigh. And succumbed to the waiting darkness pooling behind his eyes.

White penetrated the black nothing of Will’s mind. White heat. Shattering white heat. Shattering pain. Like a live wire had been threaded through his veins from heel to skull.

As quickly as it registered, the pain began to fade. Replacing it was a deep thrum, far back behind Will’s eyes.

With a groan, he let his eyes flutter open to assess the damage. Had he died and gone to Hell?

“That took longer than I expected; I’d begun to worry.”

The voice was barely a whisper but he heard it with stark clarity. Above him the ceiling shimmered almost imperceptibly, like a veil of water sat over it and a rock had been thrown into the corner. For a drawn-out second, Will observed the ripples before he came back to himself.

“Hannibal?”

He tried to turn his head, and found that his neck *ached* .

“I’m here. Don’t worry. You’re alright.”

There he was, by the wardrobe fixing a bow tie into place at his throat. An almost still figure in a room that swam with vibrations.

“I can’t see properly. Is that normal in this ... condition?”

“On the contrary, you’re now seeing perfectly.” He span on his heel and gestured at his outfit. “Will I do?”

“You tell me,” said Will. He realised his arms were unbound now, and pushed himself shakily upright. “I can’t say I’ve ever given much thought to what one ought to wear to the opera.”

Hannibal helped him to his feet, steadying him with an arm around his naked waist. Between them, they got him dressed fairly quickly. The more he moved, the more Will found his limbs lightening, muscles relaxing and regaining their springiness.

“Are you sure I’m up for this?”

“It will be a test of will. I’m sure you’re hungry.”

And suddenly, Will realised he was. Painfully hungry.

Before he could voice this, Hannibal produced a blood bag and wafted it beneath his nose.

Sharp claws twisted in Will’s stomach; he snarled without meaning too. Primal and guttural. His mouth watered. The saliva tasted acidic. He ripped the bag from Hannibal’s hand and drained it.

Oh, and what sweetness! Like the greatest delicacy and the heartiest comfort food. Absolute ambrosia. Its strength flooded his body and he felt like stone. Stronger than stone. Like he could rip a man apart with his bare hands.

Throwing the empty bag aside, he wiped the stray trickle of blood from his chin.

Hannibal, to Will’s annoyance, chuckled. “You look feral.”

“Feral?” Will bared his teeth, annoyance turning to true anger, and grabbed Hannibal by the lapel. “I’ll show you feral.”

With an elegance that caught Will by surprise, Hannibal plucked his hand off his jacket and smoothed the fabric.

“Now, get a hold of yourself, Will. We don’t want to be late.”

“Excuse me?”

“Bloodrage. It’ll pass faster if you make an effort.”

Will felt a foot tall all of a sudden. “Oh. Sorry.”

“It’s not your fault. The instincts are hard to deal with at first.”

“Is that why you killed-” He stopped himself short of saying it, off Hannibal’s warning look.

Things did get easier in the car ride over. Adjusting to his new senses, Will was able to compose himself enough that, by the time they took their seats for the show, nobody would know what had just transpired.

Hannibal kept his surprise at that to himself. He hadn't had quite so much control when he'd just turned, but Will's level of restraint was not unprecedented amongst his kind. In all honesty, Hannibal thought with a mental pat on the back, it was likely down to the carefully measured way he'd turned him. And how he'd had the blood ready to go.

Not bad for his first turn in over a decade.

The show began. For the first time, as far as Hannibal remembered, he struggled to shut out the world and become absorbed in the story. His eyes kept flicking back to Will, who looked every part the cultured man.

Smiling at the right moments, gasping and grimacing at the twists and turns. Hannibal's heart bubbled with pride.

He'd chosen the right person to sit beside him as his eternal plus-one.

There were little tells of Will's internal state, though. Hands shaking minutely, fingers plucking at the loose thread of his jacket, a single bead of sweat making its way from hairline to jawline.

Hannibal knew he'd have to pick him a kill ready for the end of the night.

After a glance around the room, head still as stone, he spotted a man who was paying very little attention to the opera. Clearly attending alone, as the seats on both sides were occupied by couples. Tapping at his phone surreptitiously in his lap. He would do just nicely.

Finally, he could allow himself to enjoy the performance. Even Will's hand brushing his knee - to ground himself, Hannibal suspected - couldn't distract him now.

It reached its crescendo; his eyes welled with tears. He could feel the music like a physical entity, like a bow being pulled along the strings of his soul.

Will didn't know if he could do it. Not the killing itself, for he'd had enough experience now gathering meat with Hannibal. But the physicality of it was daunting. He was tired again. Having not been given the time he likely needed to rest from the turn, he knew now how Hannibal felt when he showed up to work with those deep bags beneath his eyes.

But Hannibal assured him in a smooth whisper that he, Will, would manage just fine. It was his instinct now, to kill for survival. They could revitalise the elegance of murder another time.

He wanted to Will to do it out in the fresh air, the way a first kill should be.

"It's not my first kill."

"It is. You've been reborn. Clean slate."

"Time to muddy the slate then, as it were."

“With hot blood.”

They shared a conspiratory grin, then set off in trail of the man.

Catching up with him in the street, they waited until he dipped into an alleyway, nobody else around. Thankfully.

He was lighting up a joint, but startled by the sudden, silent appearance of the two imposing men he dropped it.

Will licked his lips. He could smell it, the blood. Sweet and liquid beneath the thin, fragile barrier of skin. Hurried pulse, he could hear, quickening in fright. Fear smelled of copper.

Watching carefully as Hannibal pinned the man against the alley wall - reminiscent of the kill they’d carried out on the rude man from the university - Will smiled to himself at the absurdity of being able to smell an emotion.

Hannibal dipped his mouth to the man’s neck, and bit down in a way that seemed to Will to be almost erotic. The man slumped against Hannibal’s arms, venom taking effect rapidly.

“Now,” said Hannibal, hand pressed firmly over the man’s mouth. “Come and bite. Try to be controlled in your sucks so nothing is spilled.”

Three tentative steps forward brought Will to Hannibal’s side. Another had him standing before the man. The whites of his eyes showed bright. Unable to look away from Will.

Will drank in the sensation. The power.

He glanced at Hannibal. An encouraging nod. Then brought his lips to the man’s neck, to the thin stream of blood where Hannibal’s fangs had penetrated already.

Immediately the acidic tang of venom filled his mouth. By instinct more than by design, he pierced the skin with his teeth to open the wound further. And the sweet blood flowed down his throat. Pulsed. Pulsed. Slowed to a trickle. He sucked until no more blood would come.

He half expected the man’s body to make a slurping noise, like the end of a juice carton.

So absorbed in the feed was Will that he didn’t notice until he’d finished that Hannibal was no longer the one holding up the body.

He cast about to see where he’d disappeared to, panic rising in his throat with a growl that he barely managed to bite back. Only a few seconds passed, though, before Hannibal returned with his car.

He backed the car into the alley then hopped out cheerily.

“Feeling better?”

Will exhaled sharply in relief.

Yes, he did feel better, he decided. No longer exhausted. His limbs felt light. The alley was wavering at the edge of his field of vision. The body in his arms weighed nothing.

“Much better.”

Hannibal helped him lift the body into the trunk of the car. Their hands brushed as they tucked the feet in; Will stumbled backwards at the force of heat that sparked up in his lower abdomen.

He let Hannibal close the trunk but couldn’t wait any longer to kiss him. Letting that growl bubble out, he pulled him close by slipping a hand behind his neck and another into his hair.

Hannibal hummed in surprise, but curled his hands at Will’s hips nonetheless.

There was nothing tender about it; they’d both tasted blood. Hannibal’s composed facade was slipping under the insistence of Will’s tongue. Soft guttural sounds floated from his throat as he fought to catch Will’s lip with his teeth.

The bite shot right down to Will’s groin. Pressing his hips closer to Hannibal’s he shot a quick look over the car to make sure the coast was still clear at the top of the alley. The street was dead now.

Hannibal moved to suck the last of the dried blood from Will’s chin. A peculiar sensation, but Hannibal letting go, letting himself be sloppy, was bizarrely erotic.

Will let his head tilt back to give access to his throat, which Hannibal kissed and nibbled for a few moments before suddenly throwing Will’s arms off him.

He didn’t have a chance to get too confused as almost immediately Hannibal was grabbing his hair and tugging him nearer. Will clutched at Hannibal's back, burying his face in the cool skin of his neck, which he soon warmed and moistened with wet sucks and nips.

Slowly, Hannibal twisted them around so Will was pinned against the back of the car. Then he pulled Will’s erection out of his trousers.

Will gasped at the cold, deft touch.

“Don’t stop,” Hannibal insisted in a low whisper.

Obediently, Will went back to sucking a bruise on to his neck.

“Good. You were perfect today.” He timed strokes of his hand, running up the length of the shaft in a firm grip, to the rhythm of his words. “You were excellent. Best fuck I’ve ever had. Saying all the right things to me.”

Voice coming out a purr, his pleasure at pleasuring Will audible as he whispered into his hair.

Will moaned against his neck.

“I fantasised about killing you, Will. I wanted you to come as I ripped your throat out with my teeth but that will never be. What you’ve become is greater than the fantasy. You turned so well. Oh, you turned perfectly, better than any vampire I’ve known.”

Breaking the seal of his lips on Hannibal’s neck, Will gasped and groaned as Hannibal picked up speed with his hand.

“And your first kill was utterly divine: clean, quick. Silent.”

No longer silent, Will couldn’t stop his voice coming in staccato bursts.

“You should thank me, for what I’ve made you.”

“Thank you,” said Will.

“Again.”

“Thank you, Master.”

As he said it, he felt a rush of heat. Both in his groin, as Hannibal brought him closer to orgasm, and in his chest as he remembered Hannibal’s words.

I’ll own you forever, if you want that.

Hannibal didn’t say anything more, but jerked Will’s head up by his hair to look him right in the eyes.

In his eyes, Will saw a deadly intent, one he recognised in himself now as bloodlust. There was also a softness. Whether it was the warmth of affection, or the lazy expression of a predator playing with its food, Will didn’t know.

With the intensity of that eye contact drilling into him, he certainly didn’t care. He held it as he came, spilling over Hannibal’s hand with his own white heat.

They didn’t care to clean up until after they got home, mission having been accomplished.

Upon their arrival back at the Lecter residence, Hannibal insisted - in spite of Will’s protests that he felt wonderful - that Will should shower and sleep. Hannibal himself would clean up and prepare the body for storage.

Hot water washing away aches that Will hadn’t realised were still there, he decided that Hannibal was right. He needed a good sleep.

“I’m at a loss here, Doctor Lecter. More disappearances in similar circumstances to the previous Vampire Abductions and still no leads. Where’s Will?”

“At home, I’m afraid.”

“Still? It’s been days.”

“He’s most unwell. He cautioned me that it could be contagious. But nothing to worry about as such. Just the flu.”

Jack folded his hands across his stomach and glowered. Hannibal retained his calm expression.

“And you have nothing more for me either?”

“Unfortunately, I’ve been busy with clients. And with no crime scene to look at, I’m afraid there’s not much to go off.”

A deep sigh from Jack signalled the end of the conversation. Unfolding his coat carefully, Hannibal rose to leave.

Then he turned back to give a parting remark. “If you notice any pattern in the timing of the disappearances, get in touch. Something as simple as a schedule could be the key to solving the case.”

“That goes without saying. But I appreciate you saying it.”

Jack watched him leave, waiting for the door to be safely shut before pulling out a notepad. Indeed, it had dates and times scribbled over the page, with arrows and symbols marking the order of the abductions. He glanced from the door to the page and back again, an uncomfortable hot weight in his stomach at the unshakeable thought that Doctor Lecter was stalling him.

Having slept for a few days straight, Will had been disoriented and *hungry* . Hannibal had instructed him to lay low at home, and after making sure his dogs were alright Will had descended into restlessness.

Hannibal was due to stop by after work, but had been called in by Jack at the last minute. It was beginning to get dark by the time he finally arrived.

Will absolutely devoured the blood he had brought, then wolfed down the food too. Opera-man sausages with scrambled eggs and kale.

With an amused smile, Hannibal silently looked on, sipping delicately at his own cup o’ blood.

“How are you feeling?” he said after Will had finished his feast.

“Much better. Calmer.”

“The need to feed can feel similar to an anxiety attack if you’re not prepared for it.”

“I woke up starving. Of course I was unprepared.”

“Good for you that I wasn’t.”

Will smiled at that and nodded his agreement. An emotion he could only describe as *Sunday afternoon* was drifting over him, pleasantly. He reached out to thread his fingers through Hannibal's. Hannibal squeezed his hand, but didn't let go.

Gradually they made their way to the bed, and ended up wrapped around each other, fully clothed. Hannibal rested his head on Will's shoulder, Will tucking him under his chin.

"I'm sorry, Will."

Will was bewildered. "What for?"

"I should have prepared you better."

"Perhaps," Will conceded. "But I knew well what I was getting myself in for. The finer details didn't really matter at the time."

"For which I am sorry."

Will dropped a kiss to the top of Hannibal's head. Hannibal tilted his chin to kiss Will's throat, and before long they were shedding clothes, breath coming quicker and hotter. They ejaculated into each other's hands, feeling much too lazy to do anything more than hand jobs.

It was twenty quiet minutes later when Hannibal suggested going for a hunt. The commanding edge to his voice gave Will no room to refuse. Neither did the persistent hunger that was beginning to nag at his belly.

"Where are we going to hunt this time? Surely we'll need to head out of state to avoid suspicion."

"Jack is already suspicious." Hannibal rose and fished around the bed sheets for his clothes. "But I have a plan, and this hunt will help us … execute it."

He smiled around the word and Will had a hunch he'd chosen it very deliberately.

Chapter End Notes

Oooh, what ever could Hannibal's plan be? Stay tuned to find out!
As ever, let me know in the comments what you think. You can also find me on Tumblr as electakyu :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!